



My Nannie O.

Adagio

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, maug moors an' mosses

mo - ny, O; The win - try sun the day has clos'd; And

I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin wind blows

loud and shill, The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O I'll

get my plaid, and out I'll steal an' owre the hills to Nan - nie O.

MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills, where LUGAR flows,
 'Mang muirs, and mosses many, O;
 The win'try sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa' to NANNIE, O.
 Tho' westlin winds blaw loud and shill,
 And it's baith mirk and rainy, O,
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to NANNIE, O.

My NANNIE's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wylcs to win yc, O.
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my NANNIE, O!
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than NANNIE, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to NANNIE, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warld's gear never troubles me;
 My thoughts arc a' my NANNIE, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe, that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but NANNIE, O.
 Come weel, come wac, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what heaven will send me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my NANNIE, O.